

Being 'his' sister
by The freaking fan girl

Category: Web Shows
Genre: Family, Supernatural
Language: English
Characters: AmazingPhil, CutiePieMarzia, Danisnotonfire, PewDiePie
Status: In-Progress
Published: 2016-04-10 05:45:07
Updated: 2016-04-10 05:45:07
Packaged: 2016-04-27 20:45:36
Rating: T
Chapters: 3
Words: 5,011
Publisher: www.fanfiction.net
Summary: "Being his Sister long before he was famous was just THE BEST. But I'm afraid of being known as 'Danisnotonfire's sister. But don't mistake me, I like him being happy". That's what she says.
Danilla Jane Howell or Dana, is The Dan Howell's sister.
Basically, this is just an idea that popped into my head, a story about Dan's Sister. Warning: Famous Cameos such as Black Veiled Brides

1. Chapter 1

Chapter 1

A/N: uhm, I'm altering Andy's Age again guys. So he wasn't 'THAT' famous yet, but he will be. He's gonna be 16 in this, I'm also altering everyone on the BVB's age. So yeah...

ON WITH THE FANFIC!

"Open the door Dana!" a voice called, must've been mum

"Mum, it was open the whole time." I said, probably loud enough for her to hear, I heard a few shuffles and the door finally opened. I don't usually leave the door unlocked for some reason, just a habit.

"Well, everything packed up?" she asked, trying to hold back tears herself too. Yes, I was welding up tears myself.

"Yes mum, uhm... When do I leave exactly?" I asked, trying not to crack my voice

"About an hour or so, dear. Let me help you with your luggage" she said, I literally forgotten about it. Stupid. I grabbed my favorite books and my IPad and put it in my bag. Can't believe I almost forgot

them.

"Thanks mum," I said, pecking her cheeks

Some people might think that I would really want to live with my older brother (for the summer anyways), but unfortunately, I don't. And I do.

Let me explain.

I would love living with Dan again, so happy. But I could interfere with stuff like his editing and things, I don't wanna do that. I know Dan since I was 7 (I'll explain later). I know that he'd practically do anything to spend his time with me no matter what, which 'is' the problem. He'd most likely forget to edit the video and end up like a complete mess (which he did once when I visited him a year ago).

And about the other explanation, I'm adopted. No, I'm not kidding, I'm adopted. And I'm only half British, and the other half Filipino. Let me tell you my story then, I promise this won't take that long. Maybe.

When I was 5 years old, me, my parents, and my grandmother, still lived at the Philippines. We were on our way back down from Baguio City (which was a freezing cold place I might add) in our car. It was a sorta steep hill, at first I was scared as fuck. So I hid in the shoulders of my 73 year old British grandmother, Naomi.

"Naomi, don't be scared, love" she soothed me, my name was Naomi before I was adopted. I was named after her.

"We're gonna fall" I said, semi screeching

"No we are not, don't be silly Naomi. Things are gonna get better soon" she soothed once again, fluffing my straight black hair. I looked at mom who was looking at me too. It was the last time I did. The last time I saw her smile that I got. Then my Dad's Electric blue eyes...

Then before I could process anything else clearly, I realized soon enough that me and my grandmother were the only ones who survived. We were in a car crash. After my parent's wakes, my grandmother took me to Britain. We only lived with ourselves, we run a little store. The store was actually something like the store 'HotTopic', which really one of the reasons why some people call me Emo or Goth or something. Then soon when I was 6, she died too. Life was hell to me before. Technically, my accent was more of an American when I speak English. But I can speak in Filipino fluently. I could up to this date.

An agent took me to an orphanage, I got recommended to a lot of people. They would love to adopt me, but every time I would say no. I just lost all of my family members. 'Jesus Christ, it's really not that easy people', I would think. The families were obviously not going to let me dress the way I want, talk, or even do anything I would want. So I kept saying the big, fat, 'NO.'

But one family in particular caught my attention, a member of it anyways. They entered the room, I was wearing combat boots, a black T-shirt that was slightly fitted and jeans (yes, I was 7 and I dressed like that). I didn't know how to apply make up back then so I didn't.

They entered one by one, first was what I assumed is the mother, then the father, then a young guy (I assumed he was a few years older than me), then the person I told you that caught my attention. He was pale, black hair (or was it brown? I don't know), and he definitely looks like my kind of people.

They all chatted for me for a while, especially the guy. I soon learned that his name was Dan. All went good and I finally got out of the orphanage.

They changed my name to Danilla Jane Howell. Then I picked up the British-Posh accent (but I could still speak in American and Pilipino accents if I wanted). And soon enough got a new family.

And the rest is history.

I snapped back to reality and realized that my mum was calling me outside.

"Dana! Your cabbie's outside and so is your luggage!" she shouted, I said goodbye to my dad and my other brother and ran outside. It was raining. Oh great, just GREEEAAAAT.

"Thanks mum, see you in 2 months. I hope you don't change my room again" I said.

"But I thought you liked SlipKnot. I didn't memorized all of your Bands you know." she said in a 'duh' way

"Well, they could get quite confusing sometimes... bye mum." I pecked her cheeks and she shut the cabbie's door.

About that 'changing the room' thing. Last year, my room was filled with some random bands and singers that I liked, but I didn't put up the posters I got on the wall, and I just kept them somewhere. I literally just left her for TWO DAYS. And when I got back, my ceiling, my walls, my bed post was filled with SlipKnot. I freaked out and slammed the door, my mum cleaned out all of the slip knots and said sorry, then she made it up for giving me a Batman Necklace. Which I'm still wearing to this date.

Back to reality, I think I'm halfway through the airport now. I stared at the window, the sun hasn't rose up yet either. I decided to grab one of the books from my backpack, which was The Fault in Our Stars apparently.

I think it took 30 more minutes till I was at the airport, I paid the cabbie and took my luggage out. I think I might be on time. I did all those stuff you need to do at the airport to get to your plane. So let's just skip ahead.

I found a seat next to the window, next this guy with a black batman hoodie and shades. He doesn't seem like one of those guys who would terrorize the plane or something, I think he's even asleep. I sat down next to him, it was the only seat left in this section too. Once we've left off, I got out my laptop and watched some 1960's Batman. The fact that I'm uncannily addicted to Batman, is why I don't like making friends that much. They think I'm a lesbian or a weirdo, talk about judgmental. Then I realized that there were guys next to the batman hooded guy, who seems to smirk and laugh a bit at the him too.

I shook my head a bit and surfed the net instead,I took my headphones and played something completely random. Judging from the guitar intro,This must've been The Mortician's Daughter. I liked this song so much,so I put it on repeat.

I went to Facebook and saw Dan online. I went and chatted him.

'Hello my Derp of a brother' I greeted

'Hello my Batman of a sister' he replied,after a few seconds

'You've been waiting to do that for months haven't you?' I mocked

'Yeah,yeah. Phil wants me to convince you of something' Phil is pretty much like Dan to me,although he's friendlier and gentle. He doesn't curse a lot either,I think I only heard him curse once.

'What thing?' I asked

'Well,We all know that you've been obsessed with batman. And there was this event in town,it's D.C comics something. Batman's from D.C comics right? Wanna go?' He asked

'Hell yeah I do!' I said

'Okay then,see you in an hour or so. Bye BatGirl!' I groaned a bit,barely audible I guess.

I started to play some internet games. Any game would do,as long as my mind was preoccupied. I didn't want to be too excited,I might wake yo the guy next to me. Nevertheless,I logged onto my YouTube account. Yes,yes,I have a YouTube account.

One of the reasons why I don't want Dan to mention me is because I don't want to gain my Fame as 'Dan's Sister' or something,I want to be known as me. I want to be known because of me,not because of him. That's why he's never told you about me,or that he has a sister. It was by my request. I wasn't the one who Vlogs much,I actually do song covers. I range from lots of genres,but never electronica. Pretty much Metalcore,Screamo,and some Pop music that ain't about sex and drugs or drinking. I'm not as successful either,I only opened my account last year. I only have less than a hundred subs.

The flight attendant slightly tapped our shoulders,which woke up the guy. His shades dropped and he looked at the flight attendant,who seems to be in shock. I looked questioningly at the flight attendant.

"Uhm,miss? Are you okay?"I said,a worried look on me

"Uh...oh! Yes,yes! I advise you close all of your electronics,the plane is about to land in 20 minutes tops!"she said,her voice doesn't seem to be composed.

"Thank you,"the guy said,his voice oddly familiar,also American. He never looked at me,or faced my direction. He picked up his fallen shades and put it in his hoodie's pocket. I sighed and closed my

laptop and my iPod, which was currently still playing The Mortician's Daughter. I closed it and put it in my backpack.

I started murmuring the song as quiet as I could, hopefully the guy doesn't notice.

"I will await dear,

A patience of eternity

My crush"

"Our universe still

No rust

No dust

Will ever grow on this frame

One million years, and I will say your name

I love you more than I could ever scream"

I know, I know, I changed the lyrics. I just thinks it would be more fitting for me to sing. If you didn't know what this song is, then let me tell you a little summary. The lead singer had a girlfriend, but he has to go on tour. So they would be long distance or something. He wrote this song for her, which was very, very, very beautiful. But she got allegedly cheated on him, but they soon broke up, then back on, then broke up again. But at the end, she didn't really cheat. The main reason why they did split is still a mystery to me though. I continued singing the whole song. That's when I noticed something oddly strange, I looked around me. I noticed the guy staring at me, almost glaring, I couldn't be sure, he was wearing his shades again. I quickly stared at my wrists, which had a few band bracelets and a little batman locket.

He continued to stare at me. This time I stared back. I decided to break the silence.

"Is there anything you need?" I asked, shifting my accent to American

"Uhm...that song..." oh god, he heard.

"What about my favorite song?" I said, slightly glum. I did have a few friends back at home, they heard about Andy and Scouts breakup. So they hated The Mortician's Daughter ever since. And sometimes I would argue with them about it.

"Dude, look. I've had tons of arguments with people about this song. I don't care if they're not together anymore, this music is a masterpiece. I don't care if the band doesn't like this song, it's my favorite, and it always will be." I said, I broke I contact and stared my wrists again, eyeing the locket.

"Well, how much of a fan are you?" he asked

"Not much. I appreciate the whole band rather than just appreciating

the lead. I appreciate the whole song rather than the vocals itself. I don't Fangirl much either, just a fan of the song."I admitted

Wait. Why was I talking to him again?

"Then what would you do if you met the band, or the lead?"he asked

"I don't know, I would probably let them sign something. But other than that, nothing else. I won't stalk them or something. I'm not 'that' kind of fan" I said

"Then would you like to meet them?"he asked, this was getting weird. I stared at him. He was smirking, a smirk I've seen somewhere...

"I won't mind" I admitted, there was no fucking way they were here right?

"Well then..." he took off the hoodie and the shades. My heart started skipped a beat.

"I guess so, what are the odds?" the guy next to Andy said.

Andy.

2. Chapter 2

C2 || Meeting the Brides

The others took off their shades and hats and hoodies. Revealing the one and only Black Veiled Brides. HOLY SHIT!

"Uhuh. I must be dreaming then...?" I trailed, ending with a question

"No, what do we sign anyways?" I assumed was Ashley

"I don't have anything for you guys to sign." I said, staring back at the window

"Uhm, anything?" Andy asked, he seemed like he really wanted too. Weird.

"Not really. I don't have anything. Just my bag." he stared at my bag with batman keychains and the sword keychains from the Anime/Manga 'Sword Art Online'

"Don't you dare sign that bag." I warned, I treasured that bag more than anything.

"Back off Andy. You don't wanna make a scene" Ashley said, trying hard not to laugh

"Fine then." he grabbed something from his bag, which was batman too. What a coincidence. Awkward.

Wait. Batman? TF

He took something that look like an album. Then they all signed

it,then gave it to me.

"Why are you guys doing this?"I asked,looking weary

"We only get to know fans who are drop dead gorgeous and not obsessed with us only a few times. We really appreciate that you like the whole band instead of Andy. And like the whole Song instead of just the vocals."who I assumed was Jake who explained

"Oh-thank you then."

Then on the spot,we've just landed. I went and took my luggage and shoved the Album on my backpack and went outside. I waved goodbye to BVB and headed to the terminal.

What a hella weird flight.

I hailed a cabbie and got inside. I gave my brother's Flat Address. We got there in what I supposed 20-30 minutes. I knocked on the door,then Phil opened the door.

"Phillip."I said,smiling mischievously

"Danilla."he said,smiling. He knows what I'm doing. He took my luggage and bag and put it in my room. I peeked through a little hole in Dan's Door,he was just editing. I quickly searched a The Ring jumpscare. I waited for it to load then I paused it. I quickly opened the door and sprinted to Dan. I covered his eyes. Then I signaled Phil to come in. He replaced my hands.

"Phillip Michael Lester,this better not be a prank,or I swear to Go-"he got cut off by Phil

"'Tis not. Not my idea anyways."Phil admitted. I faced the screen to Dan's face and I signaled Phil to let go.

At first,Dan was weary. Then his eyes widened; O_O. Then the girl screamed,Dan screamed as well too. Phil and I cracked up,Dan pouted at me.

"Is that the way to say hello in London now?"he asked

"I see you haven't got out of your cave."I accused

"I'm an internet person. I'm bound to be like this"he pointed out

"And you call me a 'Batgirl'"I accused once again. Phil laughed at our sibling qualm

"Yeah yeah. Anything eventful happened?"he asked,that ring a dim bell

"Yeah. I met black veiled brides"I said,casually

"Oka-. Wait,WHAT?"he said,his brown eyes widening again

"Yeah. I'm serious. I'd get the evidence if you want"I said. He just nodded. I ran to my room and got my Backpack and ran back.

"Open it." I said, Dan and Phil opened it. They held up the album, Dan was astonished, but Phil looked like a proud mother. Lol.

"Hey Dan!" I snapped, what was happening to him?

"What? How?" he demanded, shaking my arm. God he was strong

"Uhm. Airplane. I sat next to this guy, I soon found out he was Andy and the others that was beside him was the rest of the BVB." I said as casual as I could. He just gave me the 'HTF' (how the fuck) look. I just sat as his bed. Waiting for him to thaw out again. He eventually did and continued on editing. I pecked Dan's cheek and ran to my room.

I was about to do a cover song tomorrow. I settled everything up. I tried to memorize the piano chords, I have to memorize this. I have to. I didn't bring my piano (I would never!), so I would borrow Dan's. He won't mind if I did anyways, he taught me how to play when we were kids, well... I was a kid. He was practically 7 years older than me, so I was 7 back then and he was 14. 14 isn't really classified as a kid anymore, preteen maybe.

I end up only getting the intro, just great Dana, Just Greeeeaaaaat. Then someone knocked on the door.

"Dana, pizza flavor?" I think that was Dan. Dan's voice was a little lighter than Phil.

"Just cheese." I think that was loud enough for him to hear, cause I heard some shuffling outside, then some steps on the stairs. Then there was another knock on the door.

"Dan, my imbecile of a brother. What could you possibly want now?" I asked, making my voice casual. It was very normal for us to tease each other on daily basis.

"Dana, my BatGirl of a sister, someone's here to see you." he said, who could visit me? It was only 11:00am, but still, who?

"Dan... this better not be one of your comebacks, or this will backfire to you immediately" I warned, I walked to the door, Dan leaning on the wall. And it seems like Phil was talking to someone downstairs. Hmph, he better not introduce me as his sister or else I will murder him. He smiled at me, nothing fishy here... but what was happening?

He led me downstairs, I saw nothing but a beautiful woman, well, young woman. She must be 19 or 20. She smiled at me, her lips were so pink. I kinda hate pink. But she seems nothing like a sassy, bad, person. She seems nice. Just a little under colored by the make up, that's all.

"You must be Danilla, I'm Carolisse, call me Lis" she said, I smiled back at her

"Call me Dana." oh shit. She knows who I am.

"Uhm, I should do the explaining right?" Phil suggested, I nodded

"Well, Lis here, is the organizer for the D.C event this week. She

actually saw your videos on YouTube and she saw your obsession with Batman—"I cut him off

"Way to go Phil..."I said,pouting

"Let me continue at least. She wants you to host with another guy,which I tried to ask Lis who it is,but she just won't spill it."Phil said,

The Fuck?

"Are you serious?"I asked,I think I looked like what Dan looked like not-so long ago. Lis just nodded and handed me a contract.

"Just sign it,that's all. But if you don't want,it's okay"she said

"No-I'm pretty much okay with this idea."I said,I read the contract and signed it. I gave it back to her and she smiled and left.

"I never knew London was THIS crazy for me..."I said

"You are one lucky girl"Phil agreed,heading to the kitchen, I stared at Dan

For some fucking uncanny reason,me and Dan looks SO much alike. It's like we're real siblings. It's weird as fuck. But handy at times too.

"Hey Dan,any idea? I'm bored?"I asked

"I'm not finished editing yet"Dan said

"Is there any events around tonight?"I asked

"Yes,Paramore has a little concert somewhere..."Dan trailed,entering his cave,which me and Phil followed anyways.

"Great,I'd be back in 12:30"I said

"Oka-wait. You're going alone? No. I won't let you."Dan said,facing me with his arms crossed.

"What? I'm 16 years old"I argued

"And not legal. Plus,you don't know self defense..."I think he regretted saying that. He quickly gulped,then I think Phil mouthed something like 'you shouldn't have done that'. I quickly held onto Dan's arm and shifted my weight somewhere else and he fell out of the chair facing the floor.

"Okay,you've learned self defense for 5 years. But still,your 16 Dana."he said,still facing the ground

"Now,now. Less violence Dana. You know how Dan hates being overpowered"Phil said,in a 'as a matter of fact' way.

"No I don't!"Dan argued,I let go of his arm. He got back up.

"You're going to bore me to death aren't you?"I asked them

"I'll go with you. Later, anyways. What time does it starts Phil?"Dan asked,flexing his arms. I really got him good,did I?

"About...8?"Phil said

"Well then,I better get this finish before 7"Dan said,and on cue,the bell/buzzer rang. Must've been the Pizza.

"I'll get it"Phil said

He soon came back with 3 boxes of pizza. They smell wonderful. Phil distributed the pizzas to us and started munching,well,me and Phil did. Dan just kept editing, and taking big bites of the pizza about every minute. I think he devoured the whole pizza in 20 minutes. What a vacuum cleaner. Phil and I could barely finish eating in 30 minutes,Jesus Christ!

"Why are you two staring at me like that?"Dan snapped

"You're definitely a vacuum cleaner..."Phil said,shaking his head

"What? It's not my fault you two are slow pokes"Dan said,doing the finishing touches in his video

"Well,it's not our fault you eat like a beast"I said,They cracked up.

"I better get upstairs. Hey Dan,can I borrow your piano tomorrow? I got some covers to do"I asked

"Fine."he said,

I skipped to my room and opened my Facebook account. I started to scroll on my news feed. Honestly,nothing literally happened,well,nothing interesting for me,just random people in my life that loves taking selfies of themselves and not even conscious about how the world does not fucking care cause there pretty pathetic little pictures does not contribute on slowing down Global Warming,Feed world hunger,Contribute to world peace,or even make people lives longer.

Oh god,I'm having that crisis again.

Curse you Selfie Lords!

I closed my phone and shoved my head on the pillow,I hate having these crisis. I got this from DAN. This is not entirely his fault,but he contributed to it. Like A LOT.

"Dana,we're leaving in 20 minutes."I think that was Dan. Oh well.

Oh Shit.

I think I turned into a marathon runner. I quickly found a nice outfit that has a little batman logo and put on eyeliner. I almost failed miserably using eyeliner,oh well. I grabbed my wallet,my phone and my bag and went quickly downstairs. Dan looked impatient,Phil was

nowhere in sight at all. Dan and I waited for another 5 minutes and Phil finally got out.

We gave the cabbie the venue address, we got there in 30 or 40 minutes. We barely got seats, Dan and Phil actually had to wear hoodies in case of FanAttacks. Which I kept laughing about. Then the light went out, this must be Paramore's cue. The lights went on and I saw Hayley enter the stage, everyone started screaming. I didn't, I just don't want too.

I think they played all of my favorites, except for one; The Only Exception. Which really bummed me out. They all said goodbye, then they started throwing these T-Shirts. And for some lucky reason, I accidentally caught one. Well, I guess London is my lucky place. I put the tee on my bag and it appears that there was a second act. Well, look who it is.

Hey guys! I never knew I could write something this fast! Hope you like it! I'd probably update later or tomorrow.

~Naomi

3. Chapter 3

C3 || Meet my Enemy

"Dan, Phil, let's go" I said, feeling annoyed as hell looking at Carra

"What? Why? It's CARRA!" Dan exclaimed, grabbing my arm and making puppy eyes

"Daniel James Howell, what could you possibly want?" I asked, I think I said that too harsh. Cause Dan's expression changed from a stubborn 1 year old to seriously curious.

"Why? Don't you like Carra?" he asked, Phil just watched 'Carra' while me and Dan discuss.

"You really haven't watch mine or Carra's videos do you?" I semi asked and accused

"Well, I haven't watched anyone recently." he said, scratching his head

"I'll show you why that so called BEAUTY QUEEN BARBIE, is my enemy" I said, snarling a bit. I HATE CARRA! Dan just nodded, we yanked Phil out of the crowds. Then we went back home.

So much for London being my 'lucky' place. Aasddffjejbsvegjs!

I told them to meet me at Dan's room. I got out my laptop and went to the meeting place. I quickly searched Carra's Video called; 'The Bitch named Danilla'. Dan and Phil quickly exchanged looks, confused ones. The video was this:

/the video starts with Carra on her computer, looking at my YouTube account. Cursing and glaring at me(what a bitch!) /

"I can't believe that talentless hacks like this"/points at my account/"Get like,a hundred subs! Ugh! Those subs deserve quality music like mine! She's such a hack! Ugh!"/rolls her eyes/"I can't believe people like these hacks! She doesn't even bother fixing her hair,she's just lazy! What is it? A birds nest"/laughs/"Better save the birds!"

/then she grabbed a picture of me,then tear it to pieces,then she took a lighter and lit it up. She also sets a fringe of her hair on fire/

"She must be a witch too! Fringing my hair! I will hate you forever DANILLA JANE HOWELL!"then she ended the video.

Let me explain who Carra is. Cae Arrali Atster or Carra is a bitchy youtuber claiming she is the best of the best. I won't argue,she has a great voice,when she talks at least. But when she sings? Every glass in the whole fucking area breaks. She's that bad. The only reason why people like her is because she's kinky and pretty,like a Barbie. She has blue eyes,unnaturally tanned skin,dyed blonde hair,and an hourglass build. She's a bitch to everyone,but she hails all of those popular ones like Dan and Phil,Pewdiepie,Cutiepiemarzia,and the others. But everyone less than a 100,000 subs? She hates. Ironically enough,she has 1000 subs.

Dan and Phil looked at me. Dan's devil has been unleashed. Phil looked horrified because of Dan.

"Dan,please tell me your not gonna commit murder"I asked

"HELL YEAH I WILL!"Dan screamed,Dan bolted up,but me and Phil pinned him down. We almost didn't,he was surprisingly strong for someone who barely exercises. He always becomes like this adrenaline rushed hulk on steroids when he's angry or something.

"Daniel James Howell. Calm. The. Fuck. DOWN."I said,he just looked at me and continued to shrug us off

"Danilla Jane Howell,please,explain to me. Why didn't you told me this before?"Dan asked

"Why would I?"

"Because I am your brother."he said,crossing his arms. Phil and I sighed and let go of him. We all sat on the carpet.

"And if you defend me in front of people,wouldn't that raise their questions ona who am I in your life? Considering we share our last name"I pointed out. If Dan so much as defend me or point me out,people will start speculating on who I am. Dan's face turned calmed. But I just frowned at him and threw a pillow.

"The F Dana!"he said,it smacked his head

"That's for almost blowing my cover."I said,Phil's smile and giddy-ness returned once more. Dan just pouted and I bursted out laughing. I mock smacked his head a bit and he pulled me into an annoyingly tight hug.

"DAAAAAAAN... ."I said,Dan started laughing with Phil. I don't

fucking know how this shit happens, but one things for sure, it happens a fucking lot.

The Next Day

I was at Dan's room, remembering and practicing the notes and chords for The Mortician's Daughter. Then after that, I have to do he outtakes/Vlog. But they can't see or hear Dan And Phil. Or else, I'm good as dead. This is gonna be a fucking challenge. Then I started filming.

It ended well, I started to edit every bit of the music to make it clean and nice. I didn't edit my voice in particular, just the background noises. I dabbed a few filters and made the whole room blur. The only clear spot was where I and the piano was. I started to put the finishing touches. Once that was done, I started watching it myself to insure I sung everything right. I guess I did. I did mess up a few lyrics, but, oh well.

I uploaded the video with its captions and descriptions. Then I'll release the outtakes tomorrow. I walked to my room and grabbed a book.

Then, all of the sudden, Dan screamed. Oh god, what happened now? I jogged to where I heard the screaming. I saw Phil coming down the stairs too. But there was something a little bit off with what Phil looks like. He looked serious. We ran downstairs and then to the little garden outside. I saw was what I least expected.

Fire.

(Dan's POV)

I went outside for no reason at all. I just feel like it. Which was utterly weird. I hated going outside, I'm an internet person for god's sake. You can tell I don't go out much because of my pale as snow skin color.

I suddenly felt a bead of sweat trickle from my forehead. Which was weird too. It was morning and freezing cold even if it was summer. How does that shit happen? I ignored the bead of sweat and went back inside.

After an hour again, I went back outside. The street was weirdly empty. And I mean by empty, there is completely no people or car in the street, this road used to be very busy especially at this time.

Am I going nuts?

Then I felt like something just intricate my neck with something. Which I was really annoyed of, I hate when that happens. I started grabbing what it was, then I saw a necklace. It had little sliver chains making a necklace, then it had a pendant. The pendant had a marble, it was red, and orange. Seeing it made me sweat and feel even clammier. Like it was fire or something. But that can't be true. Then there was this Phoenix holder that intricate the marble, and also keeps the chain connected to the pendant. It was beautiful, it was beautifully detailed. As if it was real. I took my pendant on again

and I accidentally flung my arm at the garbage bin.

I saw Phil and Dana come out of the building. Shocked looks on their faces. I think I collapsed seeing what the fire looked.

Our Father.

A/N: sorry for the short chapter,I'll make it up on the next one!

End
file.